July 28, 1964

Dear Toni,

Some time ago you asked me to send you some pictures of the geese eating from my mouth. Here are eight color slides. The white geese are Embdens, the colored ones are our wild geese, Canadian honkers. I just got them back yesterday from WTTG-TV, the Metromedia Station in Washington, whose advertising department thinks this might make a good TV commercial for the future. I am, as you know, more interested in the present.

These shots were made by John Kondig, of Frederick, a biochemist in the nutrition department of Fort Detrick, the Army's bacteriological warfare center. They are better than any on mine. Of course, with a little patience, we can do this with anyone, lets say a pretty girl, a model, even a child who isn't afraid.

The white geese reputedly have enough strength in their wings to break a mans arm. I cannot confirm this. But I know what the wild ones can do, and I have movies of their attack upon me when I merely walked toward the location of the nest. Their wings are very powerful. But these are now so docile they never attack anyone, except for the period of the breeding season, when they overcome their love for me very easily when they merely suspect I am interested in the nest. Their family sense is astounding.

Yesterday the orthopaedist discharged me for at least two months, with the expressed hope that by that time my difficulties will have diminished to the point where I'll be able to get a normal night of sleep. However, neurological tests were ordered for next week. My lawyer is taking up the balance of this week, so I really know nothing.

I hope these slides will be well cared for, because I'd like them available for the book and because they are technically not my property. I also have slides, both of Kondig's and mine, of other early phases of the goslings' lives, including hatching, hiding under the mother's wings, then with only first one head, then another showing between her wings and her back, then with the just-born babies taking their first drink, their first walk, and the mother xxxxxxxx and father teaching them how to forage for food along the edge of the pond, near the bank. It was at this point that my orthopaedic troubles forced the suspension of picture taking. These also include the camouflage of the nest, the father on guard and things like that.

Sincerely,

Harold

Harold Weisberg